

# GRANDFATHER CHERRY- BLOSSOM

Eiho Hirezaki / Ralph F. McCarthy



KODANSHA  
CHILDREN'S CLASSICS



## GRANDFATHER CHERRY- BLOSSOM

This tale of a kind old man and his greedy neighbor provides a powerful moral—that good is returned with good, and wickedness with wickedness—in dramatic and entertaining fashion. Eiho Hirezaki's delicately-colored illustrations, painted over half a century ago, harmonize perfectly with the sprightly modern verse retelling by writer, translator, and lyricist Ralph F. McCarthy.









for Felix Hulbert

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Summary: A kind old woodcutter and his greedy neighbor  
are appropriately rewarded for their deeds.

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# GRANDFATHER CHERRY- BLOSSOM

Illustrations by Eiho Hirezaki  
Retold by Ralph F. McCarthy



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An illustration of an old man and a white dog in a traditional Japanese setting. The man, wearing a blue and white checkered kimono, a brown vest, and tan pants, stands in the doorway of a simple wooden house. He is looking down at a white dog that is eating from a small brown bowl on the ground. To the left, a woman in a brown and blue patterned kimono is kneeling on the ground, looking towards the dog. The background shows a bamboo fence and some trees with autumn leaves. The scene is set in a traditional Japanese courtyard.

While chopping wood,  
a kind old man  
Once found a dog  
who licked his hand.  
He fed it something,  
named it White,  
And took it home  
with him that night.

His wife said:  
"Can we keep him? Oh!  
His fur's so soft,  
and white as snow!"  
And so her husband,  
White and she  
Became a family of three.





One day White howled and scratched the ground.  
"What is it, White? What have you found?"  
The old man said and grabbed his hoe.  
"Hoe here!" White seemed to howl, and so . . .





The kind old man  
began to dig  
Till he hit something  
hard and big:  
It was a pot  
chock full of gold  
(Which comes in handy  
when you're old).





A mean old man who lived next door  
Thought *he* deserved gold even more.  
He dragged White over to his field  
Till White lay down and howled and squealed.

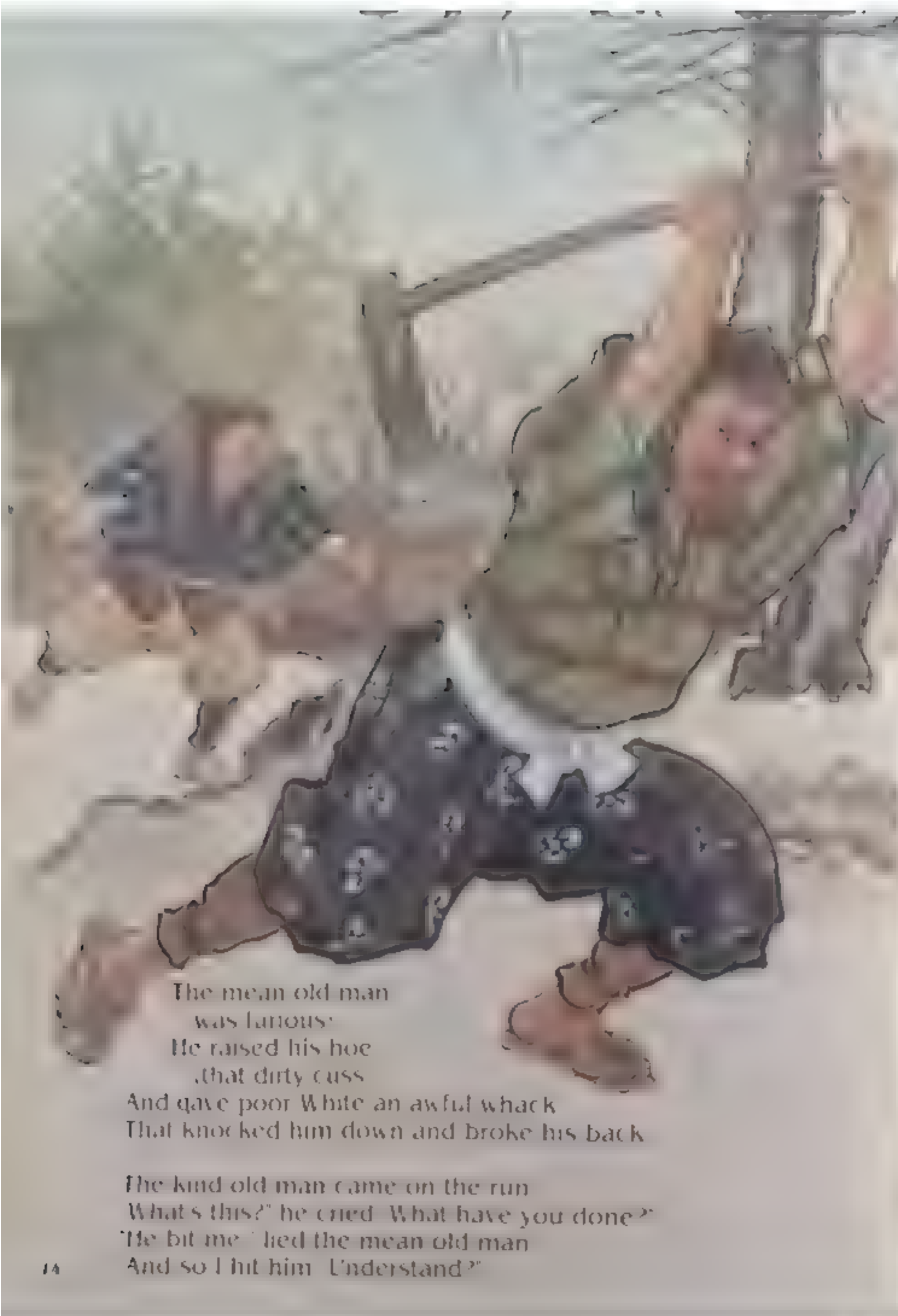






The mean man tied White to a tree  
And said: "Is this the spot? Whoopee!"  
He dug away the dirt and stones,  
But all he found was trash and bones.





The mean old man  
was furious.  
He raised his hoe  
that dirty cuss  
And gave poor White an awful whack  
That knocked him down and broke his back  
The kind old man came on the run  
What's this?" he cried. What have you done?"  
"He bit me," lied the mean old man  
And so I hit him. Understand?"






The kind old gentle man an I wife  
Tried hard to save the poor dog's life  
But sad to say their lovely White  
Died in their arms that very night





With heavy hearts, the kind old pair  
Laid White to rest and said a prayer  
And took a small pine tree from seed bought  
And planted it beside his mound.





The pine tree grew so fast that soon  
its branches seemed to touch the moon  
The strangest thing I ever saw!  
The neighbors cried, and stared in awe.

The old man said: "It seems to me  
White's spirit must be in this tree."



“I’ve been thinking about you,”  
said the man in the wood.  
“I’ve been thinking about you and breaks  
and I’ve been thinking about making some cakes.”

“I’ve been thinking about you,” the man replied.  
“I’ve been thinking about you and breaks.”







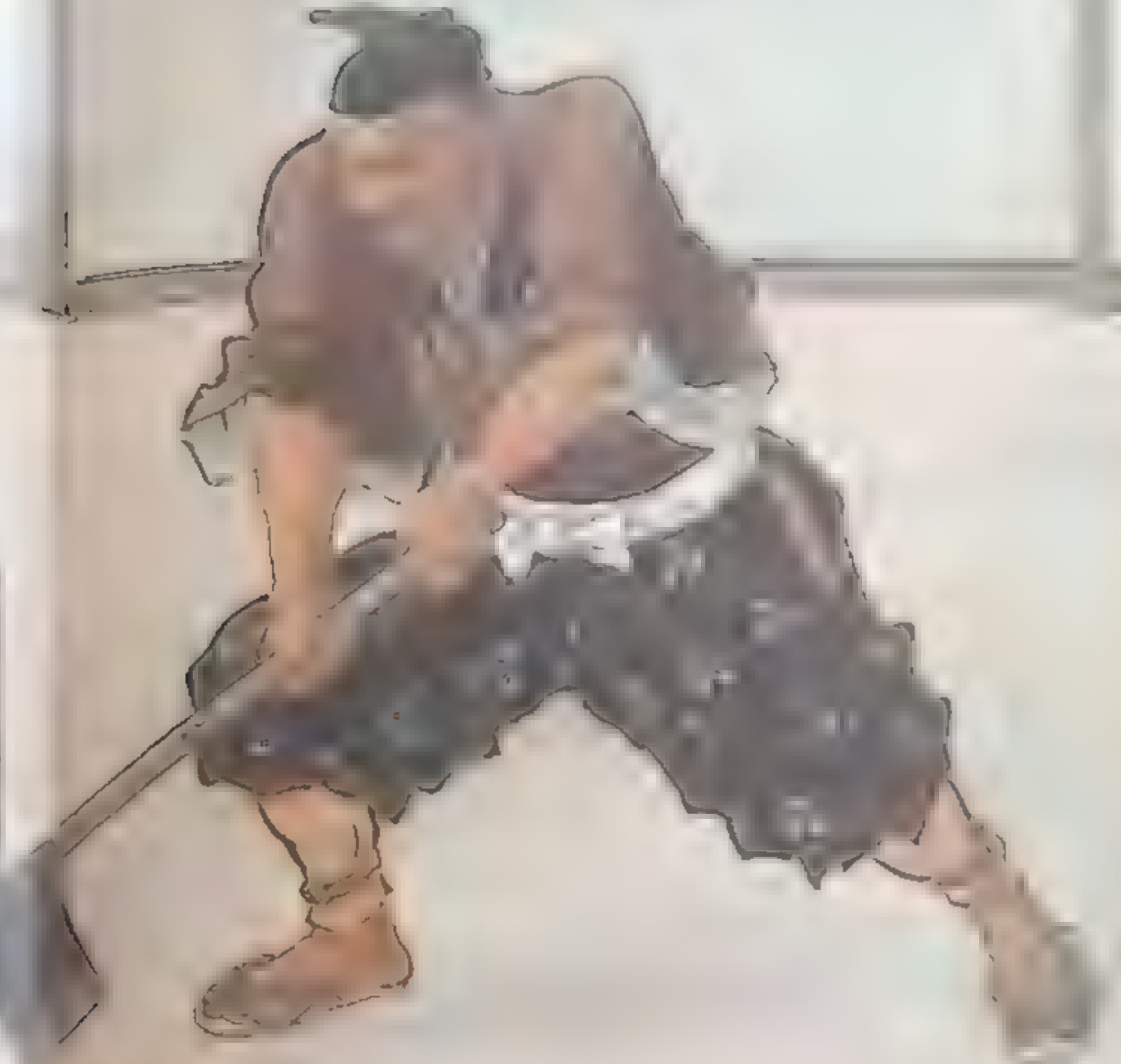
The mean man told  
his mean old wife  
We'll soon be rich!  
We're set for life!  
He beat the rice and in a flash  
It all turned into bones and trash





The mean man ran to get his axe  
And gave the mortar fifty whacks;  
And still his anger didn't cease—  
Until he'd turned up every piece.

The kind man came and bowed his head  
"Please give my mortar back," he said.  
"I burned that worthless piece of trash,"  
The mean man said. "You want the ash?"





Look dear! He murders White, and now  
He burns the mortar! Tell me, how  
Can one man be so full of spite?  
This ash is all that's left of White!  
The kind man moaned. Just then, a breeze  
Blew ashes on some dried up trees.  
Imagine their surprise when—*zoom!*  
The dead trees all burst into bloom!







The air was  
 dead trees  
 The bird of the  
 was standing  
 A young man  
 from the castle  
 rode by and  
 stopped him with







"Dead trees can't bloom!" the young prince said.  
"Old man, you should be home in bed."

"It's true, I swear, Your Majesty.  
I'll show you if you'd like to see!"

"I would indeed," the young prince laughed.  
"You're either very wise—or daft!"








The prince said: "Sir, I'm in your debt.  
Please take this sack of gold, and let  
Grandfather Cherry-Blossom be  
The title I bestow on thee."











The mean old man climbed up a tree  
And waited there till he could see  
The prince approaching on his horse,  
Then threw the ashes, but of course  
No blooms appeared. A breeze again  
Blew up and blew the ashes in  
The prince's face, and on his clothes,  
And in his mouth, and up his nose.



"Arrest that man!" the young prince sneezed.  
They threw the mean man to his knees  
And tied him up and dragged him off.  
"For disrespect!" the young prince coughed.

And so the mean man went to jail,  
And that's the end of White's fine tale.  
(Oh, yes—the kind old man and wife?  
They lived a long and happy life.)





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